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A YEAR OF CONTINENTAL LITERATURE — II.

The German writers most talked about at the present day are the dramatists Herr Sudermann and Herr Hauptmann. At least, this is the opinion of Dr. Zimmermann, who opens his annual summary of German literature with a discussion of their latest works. The former has produced "Das Glück im Winkel," a great success, while the "Florian Geyer" of the latter has proved a comparative failure. Herr Sudermann's play deals with a modern and domestic theme, presenting a problem, and leaving us in doubt as to whether it has been solved or not. "Florian Geyer," on the other hand, is a historical drama, the subject being taken from the Peasants' War of 1525. The work suggests "Götz von Berlichingen," and the two plays are thus contrasted:

"Both the men who gave their name to the plays were leaders in the Peasants' War—one of them, Florian von Geyer, by his own desire, the other, Götz, in spite of himself. The former, who was really desirous to reform society, both in its head and members, remained with the peasants in good and ill fortune, and sacrificed life and property to their cause; the latter, a mere impromptu knight, deserted the cause of the peasants, and in the last decisive battle against the troops of the Swabian league at Königshofen beat a disgraceful retreat. In comparison with 'Götz,' Hauptmann's play has historical accuracy in its favor, Goethe's poetic probability. Goethe's play acquires dramatic vigour and human interest by the interweaving of the Peasants' War with the family and love relations of Weisslingen and Adelheid. Hauptmann's, which clings with slavish accuracy to historic facts, and even models its language on the now unfamiliar speech of that day, leaves the impression of an historical chronicle in dialogue, and has a stunted and uninteresting effect."

A third important play, also historical, comes from Herr Ernst von Wildenbrach, and is called "Heinrich und Sein Geschlecht." It is a trilogy, and the performance requires two evenings. In it "idealism in the sense of the classsic ancients, so much opposed to the extreme realism of the moderns, has won a triumph," says our writer. Turning to the subject of poetry we read the following interesting statement:

"In the domain of epic poetry the appearance of a work of the extent, and, in spite of some excrescences, the profundity, of 'Robespierre,' by the youthful poetess Marie Eugenie delle Grazie, which came out last

year, has driven all rivals out of the field for a long while to come. In the lyric domain also the publication of the same author's collected poems secures for her the first place in the year's literature."

Herr Martin Greif has begun an issue of his collected poems; we read that as a lyric writer he "occupies a foremost place, and though building on a loftier summit, he is akin to the unartificial comrades who, like Hans Sachs, spring from the ranks of the people more closely akin to nature — from the artisan, peasant, or even servant class." A word is also said of the sacred poetry of the peasant woman, Frau Johanna Ambrosius, and of the posthumous success of F. W. Weber's "Dreizehn Linden," which is even compared with that of Scheffel's famous "Trompeter." The most noteworthy fiction of the year has been "Im Blauen Hecht," by Dr. Ebers; "Chlodovech," by Herr Felix Dahn; "Ueber Allen Gipfeln," by Herr Heyse; "Rittmeister Brandt," by Frau von Ebner-Eschenbach; and an unnamed novel by Herr Spielhagen. The novel of Dr. Ebers "takes its title from the name of the inn, 'Zum blauen Hecht,' at Miltenberg, in Franconia, whence sprang Friedrich Weygand, the man who drew up for the peasants under the leadership of Florian Geyer the future constitution of the German nation. . . . Ebers is always successful in imparting local and temporal coloring to his stories; the stiffness — tiresome at times — so characteristic of his *revenants* from the ages of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, is exchanged in this work, as in the previous one dealing with a German imperial city, for an attractive fluency of style and characterization." On the other hand, "Chlodovech" is said to be heavily ballasted with historic and archæological learning. It is another story of the *Völkerwanderung*. The "Mutter" of Frau Goswine von Berlepsch and the "Seine Gottheit" of Frau Emilie Mataja are also novels deserving of mention. Weimar, once the literary metropolis, has now become the literary necropolis of Germany. "Owing to the establishment by the present Grand Duchess of the Goethe and Schiller Archive, it has become the lasting treasure-house of the most precious heritage of German genius. The national undertaking, unique in its kind, of an absolutely complete collection of the works of the poet of 'Faust,' at the head of which stands the Grand Duchess herself as heir to all the literary and artistic works left behind by Goethe, assumes larger dimensions every year. The Goethe Society, working with untiring energy, adds new treasures annually to the seemingly inexhaustible supply of Goethe literature, partly by means of its annual 'Jahrbuch,' partly by original publications." The latest volume of the great "Sophia" edition of Goethe (the eighteenth) "contains a newly discovered fragment of a drama hitherto unknown, which was to bear the title 'Das Mädchen von Oberkirch,' the action being laid in Alsace at the time of the French Revolution; but of this only a few scenes were written. This serves as a fresh proof of the care which Goethe, the 'unpolitical poet,' devoted to the poetical aspect of the greatest political event of his century." A new life of Goethe, by Herr Albert Bielschowsky, has been partly published, and "comes forward with the declared intention of supplying a complete substitute for the most vivid of Goethe biographies — that by G. H. Lewes, which has now become antiquated, in fact — and driving it from the position it holds with general readers and German families." The "Ausgewählte Briefe" of Strauss is one of the books of the year.

"These letters, addressed for the most part to his friend Vischer, extend from his twenty-second year (1830) to his death in 1874, and thus include nearly the whole of his life. General readers will be specially interested in those which refer to the pugnacious scholar's passionate affection for the opera singer Agnes Schebest, Juno-like both inwardly and outwardly, and his marriage with her, which, happy at first, degenerated afterwards into tragedy. The mixture of harshness and softness so characteristic of the Swabian disposition appears as an inherited racial characteristic in the writer — the uncompromising intellect whose critical faculty knows no limits, and an over-tender heart which any unwonted breath causes to withdraw, wounded, into itself. The latter then finds vent in appropriate poetic effusions, which are scattered throughout the letters, and reveal in the great stylist, whose prose is among the best of which the German language can boast, a poet who excels in feeling as much as in form."

The letters of Count von Roon to Perthes, and of Lassalle to Herwegh, have also been published, and are of much interest. It is also worth noting that Herr B. von Simson has added a sixth volume to Giesebrecht's great but incomplete "Geschichte der Deutschen Kaiserzeit," giving the history of Friedrich Barbarossa as suggested by fragments left by Giesebrecht.

The story of literary Holland is told this year by Heer H. S. M. van Wickevoort Crommelin. In poetry, there is Heer van Eeden's "Lied van Schijn en Wezen," a striking philosophical production, and volumes of lyrics by a number of writers. In philosophy there is Heer Meinsma's monograph on Spinoza, as well as two translations of the "Ethica." There is also

Dr. Jelgersma's "De Ontkenning der Moraal," a defence of conventional morality against the theories of Nietzsche and Ibsen. The most important novel of the year is the "Wereldvrede" of Heer Couperus, a sequel to "Majesteit."

"Othomar thinks he has found out what the world requires — peace. This blessing he will bestow on his people, and he convokes a congress for international arbitration, which he opens under the enthusiastic applause of the multitude. But Liparia is no Utopia, and as soon as the enthusiasm, in which a strong element of imitation and fashion plays its part, has died away, the people find that all the fine phrases uttered and all the words wasted have not lightened their burdens in the least. Instead of universal peace ensuing, an insurrection breaks out in Othomar's dominions, and the emperor has to extinguish his ideals in the blood of his own people."

Other works of fiction are "Martha," by Dr. Aletrino; "Zijn Kind," by Heer van Nouhuys; "De Vreemde Plant," by Herr Phocius; and two historical novels in the period of the French Revolution, by Professor ten Brink. There seems to be nothing else in the report from Holland that is deserving of special mention.

Passing to the Scandinavian countries, we notice with regret that Sweden is not included in the "Athenæum" summaries of this year. Denmark, however, is dealt with by Herr Alfred Ipsen, and Norway by Herr Christian Brinchmann. Outside of *belles-lettres*, Denmark has produced few notable books. The most important, of course, is the great monograph on Shakespeare by Dr. Georg Brandes. As Mr. Archer has translated this work into English, it is sure of finding a large public. Dr. Alfred Lehmann's work "On Superstition and Witchcraft" is also of much importance.

"It is in many respects founded on the records of the English Society for Psychical Research, without the aid of which the author could never have undertaken his task, though he has made a good many experiments on his own account. The author is devoting almost a whole volume to Spiritualism, which he considers partly as the result of self-suggestion, and partly as the outcome of tricks played by conscious impostors, although he admits that there are phenomena which cannot yet be explained from natural causes. He mentions the experiments of thought-transmission by Professor Sidgwick, but Dr. Lehmann is a skeptic regarding the explanation of them."

Coming to the subject of literature proper, the writer says:

"In general it must be said that the earlier form of realistic naturalism is slowly vanishing, or perhaps rather changing into something new. Even the leaders seem to feel that nothing more can be done that way. At the present moment there is less dogmatism in literature than we have had for many a long year. Everybody may do what he likes, and if he is doing it well may expect to find an audience. There is a change of taste slowly going on, and much experimenting both in art and literature. Now and then the word *symbolism* is thrown into the discussion by one or other of the experimenters, but there is no symbolistic school worth speaking of. There is no fixed line, indeed, between old and new, only a tendency."

Herr Jorgensen, a new writer who has recently become a convert to Romanism, "has written a most beautiful book, 'Rejsebogen,' in which he gives delicate pictures from old mediæval German and Italian cities in a noble style, whose serenity recalls the painting of the old masters." Herr Drachmann, who is now living abroad, "this year celebrates the completion of twenty-five years of authorship." He has published "Kitzwalde," a mediæval novel, and a volume of "Melodramer." Other books are Herr Pontoppidan's "Dommens Dag," Herr Michaelis's "Æbelö," Herr Peter Nansen's "Gud's Fred," and Herr Carl Evald's "Den Gamle Stue," a story of emancipated woman. "A young poet, Ludvig Holstein, has made a mark in literature with a beautiful volume of melodious verse, bright as the sunshine of May."

Norway, it seems, has little but fiction to offer this year, although the greatest event chronicled is Herr Björnson's play, the second part of "Over Ævne."

"Twelve years ago appeared the first part. There he had forced us to realize the suffering involved in utter abandonment of self, over and beyond natural capacity, in the cause of religious enthusiasm. Now, in this second part, he leads us to feel with the political dreamers, themselves the offspring of those older martyrs who believed in miracles, their despair of any solution of the social questions, pointing, as they seem to do, to another fruitless martyrdom. Björnson has produced a drama of overwhelming force and effect, marked by varied delineation of human characteristics and clear analysis of social problems, and also full of genuine pathos and poetical touches. Weighed in a balance, it would turn the scale against most of our modern tragedies."

Dr. Ibsen has published nothing, but his plays appear with biennial regularity, and one may be expected the coming winter. Herr Lie's "When the Sun Sets" "deals with the disastrous influence on a home of the wife's infidelity, and shows at the end how the husband, at last suspecting his wife's proceedings, arranges matters in such a way that the next time she goes to meet her lover she cannot fail to meet also certain death." Among works of scholarship, we may mention the "Dictionary of Norwegian Dialects," by Herr Ross, the late Eivind Astrup's book on the Peary Expedition, Herr Olsvig's discussion of Holberg's indebtedness to English writers, and the essays of

Herr Nils Kjær, which place the author in the forefront of Norwegian critics.

The Hungarian books of the year seem to have been "Fatum," a novel of Transylvanian life by Miss Janka Horváth; "The Lubló Ghost, and Other Stories," by Mr. Kalman Mikszáth; and "Honthy's House," a play by Mr. Ferencz Herczeg, who brings out at least one new book every year. The Millenial Celebration has called forth "Millenial Hungary," "a highly interesting and splendidly got-up descriptive publication in four languages, English among the rest." Four volumes of the great "History of the Magyar Nation" have already appeared, and two or three more are to follow. Herr Katscher says in a general way of modern Hungarian literature that it "is characterized, not by the towering qualities of a single leading personality, but by what might be called a popular spirit approximating to general European forms, subjects, and styles. Young Hungary must be estimated by its total production, instead of by one or two names."

The three Slavonic literatures remain to be considered, but we have space for only little concerning them. The Bohemian literature of the present day, writes Dr. Tille, "is characterized not so much by the actual works produced as by a movement which, although going on for some time, was never so marked as during the past year. This movement, which I should like to call 'youthful impulse,' is not confined to any one class; it is to be observed in all our literary circles, and varies in its principles and tendencies in different individualities and parties. Only one feature is common to all: the desire for a regeneration of literature, for reformation, for new and better tendencies." The young men are trying to start a *Théâtre libre* in Prague, and sustain several periodicals for the furtherance of their aims and theories. "Vina," a drama by Mr. Hilbert, a new writer, "may be counted the best written in Bohemian."

The most interesting news from Poland is that Mr. Sienkiewicz has published a three-volume novel, "Quo Vadis?" of which the "first persecution of the Christians at Rome forms the background. Individual episodes, such as the burning of Rome, the gladiatorial combats, the martyr death of the Christians in the circus, etc., are brilliant and described with wonderful plastic power, and the extremely numerous *dramatis personæ*, mostly historical figures, are as notable for psychological truth as for fidelity to fact." Madame Orzeszko, a writer of some thirty years' standing, has added three books to her long list: "An Australian," a novel; "Melancholy Beings," a collection of stories; and "The Interrupted Song," "the prettiest tale" she has ever written. The long list of other books given in Mr. Belcikowski's enumeration contains nothing of noteworthy interest, and must be passed over.

Mr. Paul Milyoukov opens his article by saying:

"I can only liken the condition of Russian society this year to a river whose current has been suddenly stopped by some insuperable obstacle. The stream has not been sufficiently strong to break down the dam, nor so weak as to be stopped entirely, and thus by overflowing the banks, to turn the surrounding country into a swamp."

This is sufficiently discouraging, but seems to be borne out by the facts. What he says of the controversy raging between "Populists" and "Marxites" may be quoted:

"The first adhere to the old idea that the primitive collectivism of Russia is destined to become the foundation of the future structure of Russian industrialism; while the others maintain that 'Russia is no exception to other European countries, and must, like them, take leave of the period of natural cultivation, in which alone primitive forms of collective property-holding can be retained.'"

In the field of pure literature, he says, "this year has been one of the most barren. A large number of well-known authors have presented us with their works, but there is not a single remarkable production amongst them." Some remarks upon the writings of Mr. Volynski are interesting for the light thrown upon criticism in Russia.

"In his bulky volume on 'Russian Critics,' Volynski endeavored in vain to turn public sympathy away from our veteran journalistic critics—Belinski, Dobrolioubov, and Pissareff—and to prove that these old favorites of the public had an inadequate philosophic equipment for their task. In reality Russian readers never valued highly any Russian critic who was the champion of any æsthetic theory, however philosophically grounded. Thanks to the melancholy conditions of Russian society, which still continue, the Russian critic, under cover of æstheticism, has always been a publicist, compelled to sail under a strange flag, and thus smuggle into print his contraband political and social opinions. Thus the very faults with which Volynski reproaches our critics, and which would be serious defects in any society where a normal public opinion existed, are regarded as their principal merits by Russian readers."

Sir William Grove, who died on the third of this month, at the age of eighty-five, was a distinguished physicist, and one of the earliest writers to enunciate the doctrine of the correlation and conservation of the forces of nature. His name will always be associated with that of doctrine among students, and among laboratory workers with the form of battery that bears his name.

The New Books.

Tales of Travel and Adventure.*

No better book of sporting lore and reminiscence has fallen in our way since the day when a happy chance buried us for an entire half-holiday afternoon in the breezy pages of old "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket" than Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman's finely illustrated "Sport in the Alps," an account of the chase of the red-deer, chamois, bouquetin, roe-deer, capercaillie, and black-cock, in the Central, Eastern, and Italian Alps. Mr. Baillie-Grohman is a veteran hunter — his acquaintance with the "deadly tube" dating from the time when as an urchin of seven he loaded a thimble (with touch-hole drilled in the bottom) with grains of "villainous saltpetre" pilfered from the paternal gun-room, and discharged the same, with delightful effect, against the glass panes of the nursery book-case. Copious as is the literary outcome of "Alpinism," no considerable attempt has been made hitherto to write of the Alps strictly from the point of view of the sportsman; and this void it was Mr. Baillie-Grohman's aim to supply. The Swiss Alps are left almost unnoticed, for the simple reason that but few chamois and no red-deer whatever are now to be found there. Republicanism and game-preserving assort ill together, constitutional regard for the Rights of Man securing to each free-born countryman of Jean Jacques Rousseau, from landowner to landlouper, his natural and inalienable right to carry a gun and to shoot therewith what he pleases where he pleases — a policy which, while soothing to democratic sensibilities, naturally resulted in the speedy extinction of game. To the Swiss "proletarian," then, is left the dog-in-the-manger satisfaction of knowing that, if there is no game for *him*, neither is there any for his supposed social superiors. To some proud spirits this is doubtless true joy. Mr. Baillie-Grohman (who has consorted much with Grafs, Herzogs, and so on) seems to be aristocratical enough in his notions to think it expedient that the killing of game in a country like Switzerland should be mainly the privilege of the class whose interests and instincts lead them to kill it in a rational and sportsmanlike way, and to eschew the ruthless methods of the vulgar pot-hunter — but this smacks of heresy nowadays. Mr. Baillie-Grohman's book is too diversified in matter to be fairly exhibited here; but the following captions may help to indicate its general scope and trend: "Chamois-hunting in the Old Days"; "What the Chamois is Like"; "Chamois-stalking in Peasants' Shoots"; "Stalking the Alpine Deer"; "Stalking Red-Deer in Hungary"; "The Bouquetin and its Chase," etc. One of the best chapters contains some sporting reminiscences of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg — a mighty hunter, a just prince, a liberal Mæcenas, and withal a true friend and father of his people, who rejoiced in his prowess and will long keep his memory green by the recital of his deeds and benefactions. The Duke was a superb shot; and the ring of his favorite .450 Henry Express rifle was the sure knell of many and many a royal "harte of grease" and stag of ten. Once the author saw him bring down, with two double shots, four stags in full flight, the nearest of them over two hundred yards away. He died in 1893 — perhaps a not altogether edifying example of the strength of the ruling passion; for his last words were, "Let the drive commence!" The good "Herr Herzog" was lamented far and wide by the hardy mountain people, whose rugged tastes and sinewy virtues of mind and body he had, and even embodied. Though above them, he was of them; and they loved him accordingly. As the author was boarding the train, on his way to attend the Duke's funeral at Coburg, at a mountain station near the Hinter-Riss, a bare-legged little peasant girl, pale with fatigue, hurried up to him, pressed a bunch of toil-won Alpine gentians and rhododendrons into his hand, saying:

"'They are the only ones I could find still in bloom, and I spent all day yesterday on the rocks to get them. Please put them on the Herr Herzog's coffin — he was so fond of them; and once he was so good to my mother, who died last month. I've been walking pretty well all night to get here in time.' Among the multitude of gorgeous floral offerings from the crowned heads of Europe, which covered the coffin and the floor of the mortuary chapel — where for the last time I saw the calm features of the great sportsman — that little bunch

*Sport in the Alps, in the Past and Present. By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

From North Pole to Equator: Studies of Wild Life and Scenes in Many Lands. By Alfred Edmund Brehm; translated by Margaret R. Thomson. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Downfall of Prempeh: A Diary of Life with the Native Levy in Ashanti, 1895-96. By Major R. S. S. Baden-Powell. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Scenery of Switzerland, and the Causes to which it is Due. By the Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Climbs in the New Zealand Alps: Being an Account of Travel and Discovery. By E. A. FitzGerald, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of half-withered Alpine flowers was certainly the humblest. But I know which would have pleased the dead prince most."

An excellent publication is the handsome volume styled (not very luminously) "From North Pole to Equator," being an English translation of the lectures, recently collected and published in Germany, of the lamented German naturalist-traveller, Alfred Edmund Brehm, author of "Bird Life" and the classic "Tierleben." To the translation has been added an introductory essay on the author and his work, an extended table of contents, an appendix containing some useful editorial notes, and a fair index. For range, charm, and variety, and as an example of picturesque presentation of ordered scientific observations in natural history, the book seems to us unsurpassed by any work of its kind and scope. Comparing Brehm with Humboldt, the editor justly observes that we find in some of the latter's *Charakterbilder*, for example in his "Views of Nature," "the prototype of those synthetic pictures which give Brehm's popular lectures their peculiar value." Brehm's descriptions of scenery, and of animal life and traits as seen in nature, are of the clear-cut order that imprint themselves durably on the mind as the seal stamps the wax. Once read, they are retained, and become part of one's intellectual furniture. Brehm (1829–1884) was born at *Unter-Renthendorf, Sachsen-Weimar*, where his father, an accomplished ornithologist, was pastor. Brought up in an atmosphere of bird-lore, and accustomed to attend his father on his specimen-hunting tramps in the Thuringian forest, young Brehm insensibly and inevitably became a naturalist — happily not one of the mere Dryasdust sort, his inborn love of the poetic and the picturesque being nourished and kept alive by his mother, who used to enliven the evenings' bird-stuffing and specimen-mounting operations at the *Pfarr-haus* by reading aloud from Goethe and Schiller. In 1847 Brehm accompanied Baron von Müller on an ornithological expedition to Africa, returning in 1852, rich in spoils and experience, if poor in coin, to spend several sessions at the universities of Jena and Vienna. In 1855 he took his doctor's degree, publishing in the same year his "*Reiseskizzen aus Nordostafrika*." Early in 1861, after a zoölogical trip in Spain, he settled for a time at Leipzig, writing there for the "*Gartenlaube*," teaching, and composing his "Bird Life." The monumental "*Tierleben*" was begun, after an expedition to Abyssinia, in 1863, and completed in 1869. Meanwhile, Brehm had served at Hamburg as Director of the Zoölogical Gardens, and at Berlin in establishing the famous Aquarium — which partly realized his pet project of "a microcosmic living museum of nature. Ill-health, social friction, and strained business relations forced him to throw up his position, and he again took up the role of popular lecturer, for which he was eminently qualified. His literary pursuits and lecturing were interrupted by his Siberian journeys and by occasional ornithological expeditions, notably those to Spain and Hungary, along with the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria." But hard work, family sorrows, and finally, perhaps, the strain of a long lecturing tour in America, aged Brehm before his time, and he died in 1884. The following passage from the characteristic chapter on "Love and Courtship among Birds" illustrates Brehm's manner, as well as his tendency, noted by the editor, to read the man perhaps unduly into the beast.

"All birds with a voice utter clear, articulate notes in their courtship, and their song is nothing more than a supplication of love. . . . He (the male bird) is a poet, who, within his own limits, invents, creates, and struggles for utterance; and the motive throughout is love for the opposite sex. Dominated by this love, the jay sings, whistles, and murmurs, the magpie chatters, the croaking raven transforms its rough sounds into gentle, soft notes, the usually silent grebe lets its voice be heard, the diver sings its wild yet tuneful ocean-song, the bittern dips its bill under water that the only cry at its command may become a dull, far-sounding booming. . . . The bee-eater, whose voice is also unmelodious, sits for a long time on his perch, pressing closely to his mate, uttering scarcely a sound, but apparently contenting himself with casting tender glances from his beautiful bright red eyes; but he, too, takes fire, moves his wings abruptly, rises high into the air, describes a circle, utters a jubilant cry, and returns to his mate. . . . Tree-pipits and rock-pipits, white-throats, and garden-warblers behave exactly like the doves; the wood-warblers precipitate themselves from their high perches without ceasing to sing, fly up again to another branch, where they finish their song, to begin it again a few minutes later, and bring it to a conclusion with a similar play of wings. Greenfinches, siskins, and common buntings, in the enthusiasm of love, tumble in the air as if they had no control over their wings; the larks soar to heaven singing their song of love; the serin behaves as if it had taken lessons from a bat. . . . And such behavior is only the movement of a machine obedient to some external guiding force? All these expressions of a warm and living emotion which we have depicted occur without consciousness? Believe that who can, maintain it who will. We believe and maintain the opposite; the conscious happiness of the love and wedded life of birds appears to us worthy of our envy."

Other chapters treat of "The Asiatic Steppes and their Fauna," "The Steppes of Inner

Africa," "Migrations of Mammals," "Apes and Monkeys," "A Journey in Siberia," "The Heathen Ostiaks," "Family Life among the Kirghiz," etc. The work contains a great number of woodcuts from original drawings.

"The Downfall of Prempeh," consisting of the diary of Major R. S. Baden-Powell, recounts briefly the events of the recent British military expedition against the King of the Ashantis. Major Baden-Powell was in command of the native levy; and he prefaces his narrative with a pungent chapter, intended to make short work of the cavils of Mr. Chamberlain's "hecklers," setting forth the reasons for the undertaking, which were briefly these:

"To put a stop to human sacrifice. To put an end to slave-trading and raiding. To ensure peace and security for the neighboring tribes. To settle the country and protect the growth of trade. To get paid up the balance of the war indemnity."

That there were other and more vital reasons than these unimpeachable ones, some rather *naïve* admissions in the Major's amazing preface lead one to suspect. After quoting with approval the Gold Coast motto, "Softly, softly, catchee monkey," he goes on to say, with an effrontery which is enough to send our Jingo statesmen into fresh spasms:

"By quietly taking possession of Ashanti, it has practically acquired the vast Hinterland beyond — it has softly caught the monkey. And the principle is being carried out in all quarters of the world. In Siam, *in Venezuela*, and up the Nile, England goes softly, softly, catching her monkey."

Thus do the worst suspicions of our Jingo friends meet confirmation — assuming the author to speak by the book. The Ashanti expedition ended, as we know, prosperously in the abject submission of King Prempeh, who embraced the knees of the envoy, and promised to abstain from slave-driving and his pet diversion of sacrificial slaughter for the future. There was no fight, much to the regret of the humane Major Baden-Powell, who asserts that he was "spoiling" for one throughout. How he might have felt about it had the delinquents marched against been Oom Paul and his sharp-shooting boers, instead of King Prempeh and his "niggers," is a question; for the Transvaal has fallen into some disrepute as a parade-ground for British valor of late. Reading the Major's account of Prempeh, we ourselves rather regret that there was no fight; for the Ashanti chief seems to be a most faithless, bloody-minded rascal; and it is clear that (as Mr. Lincoln was once driven to say of a peculiarly pestilent rebel—or was it place-hunter?) "a little shooting might do him good." Kumassi (the "death-place"), Prempeh's capital, was literally a Golgotha, possessing three places of execution, where the knife was seldom idle, and "two blocks of houses occupied entirely by the executioners." Any public function served as the pretext for human sacrifices; but if the king wanted some entertainment of the kind betweenwhiles, he did not look far for an excuse. Desiring on one occasion a richer color in the red stucco on the walls of his palace, he is said to have used as a vehicle the blood of four hundred virgins (presumably captives) for the purpose. At Bantama, a sacred village devoted to fetish sacrifices, was found the famous execution-bowl, described by Bowdich in his account of Kumassi in 1817:

"It is a large brass basin some five feet in diameter. It is ornamented with four small lions, and a number of round knobs all round its rim, except at one part, where there is a space for the victim's neck to rest on the edge. The blood of the victims was allowed to putrefy in the bowl, and leaves of certain herbs being added, it was considered a valuable fetish medicine."

Inured thus to slaughter, it is no wonder that the Ashantis became imbued with a consuming blood-lust, a wholesale execution being for them as alluring a spectacle as is a bull-fight to a Spaniard or a foot-ball match to an Englishman. They were decidedly a people to be repressed, to be forced under the sway of the *Pax Britannica* — whatever we may think of John Bull's concurrent policy of "softly, softly" insinuating the germ of a claim to the "vast Hinterland beyond." Prempeh's overthrow was peaceably accomplished; but Major Baden-Powell's account of him almost makes one wish there had been a little expiatory blood-letting. The book contains some striking illustrations.

Sir John Lubbock's compact volume on "The Scenery of Switzerland" is sure of its welcome among intelligent readers generally, and should prove a true boon to Alpine tourists. Swiss scenery has been duly described, sung, and apostrophized; but it has not, we believe, heretofore been explained — not, that is, for the direct behoof of the general reader. One's enjoyment of it must needs be enhanced by a fair conception of the forces to which it is due, which have raised the mountains, hollowed out the lakes, and guided the rivers — even if such knowledge bring with it a melancholy inkling of the inevitable outcome of the slow but potent counter-forces of denudation which must in time efface the rugged grandeur of the Alpine country, and pare down Mont Blanc and the *Jungfrau* to the level of Snowdon or

Helvellyn. For the Alps themselves, the time-honored types of eternity, are ephemeral too—though their day, measured with our brief span, seems a long one. They have already, says the author, "undergone enormous denudation, and it has been shown that from the summit of Mont Blanc some ten to twelve thousand feet of strata have been already removed." The summer of 1861 was spent by Sir John in Switzerland with his friends Huxley and Tyndall; and since that date his vacation jaunts have usually been to the Alps. Thus he became interested in the problems offered by the physical geography of the country; and it occurred to him that a book presenting in popular style the latest conclusions of the best thinkers on those problems would be desirable. The present volume is the fruit of this idea; and it should be in the hands of every Alpine tourist with a mind above Baedeker — meaning, of course, no slur on that excellent and indispensable finger-post. With Baedeker as guide and Sir John as philosopher and friend, the pilgrim to the land of Tell may cheerfully hope to make the most of his journey. The book is at once entertaining and instructive — like other works of the author's, a happy blending of the popular and the technical.

One of the finest works in our present group is Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald's "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps"— a superbly made book which inadequate space compels us to pass over much too briefly. It is a simple record of exploration and adventure, a tale of the privations, difficulties, hazards, and triumphs of mountaineering, of the sort which the kindred accounts of Mr. Whymper, Sir Martin Conway, and others have made us pretty familiar with. The author was accompanied by our old friend Mr. Zurbriggen, the famous Swiss guide who so materially assisted Sir M. Conway in the Karakoram Himalayas. The most noteworthy climb was that of Mt. Sefton, in the course of which the author narrowly missed falling down an abyss of some six thousand feet. A plate accompanying the account of this lucky escape shows Mr. Fitzgerald dangling at the end of an alarmingly thin-looking rope over the gorge (down which his only hat is placidly sailing), like the samphire-gatherer in "Lear," or a captive cockchafer on a thread — a most parlous predicament which ought to have cured him of the "mountain-fever" forever. Mts. Sealy, Tasman, Haidinger, and the Silberhorn were also scaled. The story of the whole is admirably told, Mr. Fitzgerald falling in this respect in no wise behind his distinguished prototypes. A decided feature of the work is the illustrations, consisting of finely reproduced drawings by Joseph Pennell, H. G. Willink, and A. D. McCormick. A large map of the Southern Alps of New Zealand from the latest government survey, with additions by the author, is enclosed in a pocket in the cover. E. G. J.

How People Learn to Count.*

Everyone who has read Tylor's "Primitive Culture" must have been delighted with the chapter on the Art of Counting. In his work on "The Number Concept," Dr. Conant goes much more fully into the subject, and undoubtedly brings together the greatest amount of illustrative material ever gathered. It appears quite certain that primitive man must have had extremely vague and meagre number conceptions; peoples even yet exist who have no words for numbers beyond two or three,— indeed, it is asserted that the Bolivian *Chiquitos* have no real numerals at all, expressing simply the idea of unity by a word meaning alone, *etama*. It is quite possible that some animals have as clear a notion of number differences as have the Demara, the Chiquito, and some Australians.

From such poor beginnings of mathematical power man has moved onward. Many peoples, to keep their count straight and to focus attention, have used their fingers and toes as tallies. While this has been and is common, curious differences exist in the exact method employed. After a discussion of counting in general, our author investigates the "Limits of Number Systems." South America, Australia, and some South Sea Islands, show limits soon reached. Many peoples stop their count at two, some go to three, a multitude do not pass ten. Curiously, a considerable number of Australian tribes can count four, but do not go to the (to us) very natural five. Still some "savage" races (the word is Dr. Conant's) go far in number. "In the great majority of cases" they "have the ability to count at least as high as ten." This limit is often extended to twenty, and not infrequently to one hundred. Again we find one thousand as the limit, or perhaps ten thousand; and sometimes the savage carries his number system on into the hundreds of thousands or the millions.

The origin of some number words can be

*The Number Concept. Its Origin and Development. By Levi Leonard Conant. New York: The Macmillan Co.

made out, but many of the names for small numbers do not tell their own story. This is particularly true for the numeral words of higher peoples: those of lower tribes are often quite transparent. High numbers are quite commonly expressed by words compounded of the names of lower terms. This compounding may begin far down, and even three and four may be expressed by compounds, such as *two-one*, *one-two*, *two-two*, or *second-two*. Compounds may be produced too either by addition, as in our own language, where forty-two means two *and* forty; or by subtraction, as in Latin, where *duodeviginti* means twenty *minus* two. Where finger-counting prevailed, it is natural that five should be called by the word for hand, and that its multiples should show evidence of finger counting, or of finger-and-toe tallying. So in Arawak (Guiana) dialects, we find *abbatek-kabe* = one hand = five; *biamantekábbe* = two hands = ten; and *abba-lukku* = hands = feet = twenty. In Kiriri (South America) twenty is expressed as *mikriba misa idecho ibi sai*=both hands together with the feet. Twenty is often the word *man*, showing that the whole natural counting-board has been gone over. Often multiples of twenty are consistently expressed as so many men. Thus, in Maipure (South America), they say *papita camonee* = one man = twenty; forty is two men, sixty is three men, etc. Sometimes numeral words are simple descriptions of the act done with the finger on which they fall in the counting; sometimes they are the names of the fingers themselves.

"Often some characteristic word, not of hand derivation, is found" as a numeral. In Yoruba (Africa) *ogodzi* = a string = forty, because forty cowry shells made "a string" in trade; Maori *tekau*=bunch=ten, because yams and fish were sold in bunches of ten. The words for one and two are sometimes simply "this" and "that." A suggestion from nature often gives a numeral word; things always occurring in pairs easily give "two." The Abipone, for four, says "toes of an ostrich"; for five he uses the name of a hide, which always presents a five-color pattern. After devoting two chapters to the origin of number words, Dr. Conant gives the following suggestive table:

1 = existence, piece, group, beginning.
2 = repetition, division, natural pair.
3 = collection, many, two-one.
4 = two-twos.
5 = hand, group, division.
6 = five-one, two-threes, second-one.
7 = five-two, second-two, three from ten.
8 = five-three, second-three, two from ten.
9 = five-four, three-threes, one from ten.
10 = one group, two hands, half-a-man, one-man.
15 = ten-five, one-foot, three-fives.
20 = two-tens, one-man, two-feet.

To us, a decimal system seems so natural that we are likely to forget that other bases than ten for number systems may and do exist. A basis of some kind, a point in the count where we begin again with a higher order of numerals, is necessary if numbers are to be much developed. The number of bases either actually used or theoretically proposed for systems is considerable. The great Leibnitz desired to introduce a system of numeration where only the two figures, 1 and 0, should be used. True binary systems are common enough, especially in Australia and South America. Where developed so highly as to run up to six, the words in such a system will be on the plan —one, two, two-one, two-two, two-two-one, two-two-two. Ternary and quaternary scales are less common. The assertion has been made that systems based upon four were once common in Central Asia; very curious and complicated systems of the sort are found in Hawaii and the Marquesas Islands. Traces of a senary system are shown in our terms used in regard to dice; and survivals of systems based on twelve and sixty — duodecimal and sexigesimal systems — are found in our selling by dozens and grosses, and in our time reckoning and circular measurement. From time to time a consistent return to twelve as a basis for a numeral system is urged by reformers among ourselves. But while systems based on two, three, four, six, eight, twelve, sixty may be found, and while they present much of interest, the common systems of the world at large are the quinary, decimal, and vigesimal,— based on five, ten, and twenty. This naturally results from finger-and-toe count.

"Whether or not the principal number base of any tribe is to be twenty seems to depend entirely upon a single consideration: are the fingers alone used as an aid to counting, or are both fingers and toes used? If only the fingers are employed, the resulting scale must become decimal if sufficiently extended. If use is made of the toes in addition to the fingers, the outcome must inevitably be a vigesimal system. Subordinate to either one of these, the quinary may and often does appear. It is never the principal base in any extended system."

"A pure quinary or vigesimal system is exceedingly rare." The Betoya scale is perhaps as good an example as any of a quinary system: Five-hand; ten-two hands; fifteen-three hands; twenty = four hands. No European nation uses a true quinary system. Scales where numbers up to ten are made on a quinary base

and then present a combination of quinary and decimal are common, and the author presents examples from many peoples of almost all continents. Vigesimal scales are known in Europe and Africa. The French and Danish are cases in point. We ourselves talk of scores, and man's life is "three score years and ten." In Asia such systems are far more common. Many languages of the Caucasus present such. Those of the Tschukshi and the Ainu are nearly perfect. Nowhere are there more perfect vigesimal systems, however, than in America. The languages of Mexico, Yucatan, and New Granada present good specimens. "The scale is just as regular by twenties in Maya as by tens in English." Thus:

20 = kal.
20 kal = bak = 400.
20 bak = pic = 8000.
20 pic = calab = 160000.
20 calab = kinchil = 3200000.
20 kinchil = alau = 64000000.

A brief review can give little idea of the interest of Dr. Conant's book. We have only indicated the treatment. The author's style is simple, lucid, attractive. Although in subject somewhat technical, in method scholarly, and with much tabular material, the book will interest even the ordinary reader. To mathematics it is an important contribution; to ethnography and culture history it is a mine of valuable information. FREDERICK STARR.

THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL.*

Several of the books before us — notably the first one — bring us back to that question of questions which underlies our rational life, the relation of the natural and supernatural. The fact of such a relation is the most patent and omnipresent in the history of the human mind. Its final conception and statement elude us all. If we make the natural complete and absolute, we not only rule out religion, we rule out rational life as well. If we give an uncritical form and ready admission to the supernatural, our faith takes on constantly a superstitious, irrational, and unproductive cast. To completely maintain the laws of action implanted in our physical and our intellectual constitution, and yet to maintain in the world and in ourselves that true personal and spiritual power which alone makes these laws significant for us, is the summation of sound philosophy.

"Old Faiths and New Facts," by Dr. W. W. Kinsley, is a book of marked ability. It considers the relation of these two elements of our lives — the natural and the supernatural — in connection with prayer, with the personality of Christ, and with immortality. It is addressed to the intelligent believer, with the purpose of making his belief at once more reposeful and more exhilarating. We should say of it that the lines of thought offered are sound rather than critical. The author feels more discriminatingly the reasons which make for his positions than those present in comparatively few minds which make against them. He does not — at least so it seems to us — sufficiently curb the supernatural to bring it into the full service of reason. As that is the task which the bolder thinking of our time has undertaken, any failure to feel its need very much weakens even the soundest defence of this essential term of our spiritual life. The author finds himself committed apparently to every alleged miracle of the Bible, and so unduly burdened in the discussion. Our faith needs to be purged and purified on the side of the supernatural, and widely strengthened and sustained on the side of the natural, before it can be that rational power which spreads a world of noble activities before us, and fully kindles the inner courage essential for their enjoyment. There is much in the volume to be commended.

Mr. Brownson's "Faith and Science" follows another vein running in the same direction. It is an effort toward the reconciliation of faith and science, religion and philosophy, by rendering the common grounds of all knowledge. This the author does with the zest of a metaphysician. He shows the confidence and strength of one who feels sure of the most general and permanent relations of truth. The book is refreshing, indicating as it does that not quite all have lost confidence in the mind itself, or confidence in the product of thought as accumulated by the past centuries. The race has not passed through a growth of vagaries, and then at length, with a sudden burst of power, planted its feet on firm ground. If there is any one thing for which we remain indebted to the Catholic faith, it is this hold on the past — this tap-root of an historic sense of the continuity of the divine mind and methods. The counterpart of this truth, that the past must flow freely with ready change into the present and future, is not so well rendered. The philosophy of

* OLD FAITHS AND NEW FACTS. By William W. Kinsley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

FAITH AND SCIENCE; or, How Revelation Agrees with Reason and Assists it. By Henry F. Brownson. Detroit: H. F. Brownson, 35 West Congress Street.

THE EXPANSION OF RELIGION. By E. Winchester Donald. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CHRIST'S TRUMPET-CALL TO THE MINISTRY. By Daniel S. Gregory, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

THE MIND OF THE MASTER. By John Watson, D.D. (Ian Maclaren). New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE RELIGIOUS FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES. By H. K. Carroll, LL.D. New York: The Christian Literature Co.

CHURCH UNITY. Five Lectures, by C. W. Shields, D.D.; E. Benjamin Andrews, LL.D.; John F. Hurst, D.D.; Henry C. Potter, D.D.; A. H. Bradford, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the volume is penetrative, discursive, and historic, but is not likely to interest those who have drawn away from this form of thought. The intuitionalist, though he may find some difficulty with the exact way in which the power of the mind to seize and understand its own is presented, will certainly take pleasure in the fundamental idea. The author is appreciative of the contribution to knowledge of our time.

"Though our men of science, both by precept and example, have done their best to prove science impossible and to efface all radical distinction between man and the brute, and really have proved that rationalism left to itself soon ceases to be rational, their labors have not been in vain, and by their unwearied industry they have amassed abundant and invaluable materials for the construction of the sciences which the philosopher has hitherto lacked" (page 111).

"The Expansion of Religion" — a volume of Lowell Lectures — is admirable in purpose and thoroughly well executed. The title clearly expresses the object of the author — to indicate the growing ways in which a truly religious feeling is taking posession of the world for its guidance and correction. This assertion of expansion is not true of any single dogmatic faith, but is preëminently true of that spiritual frame of mind which underlies all religious life. The book widens out its discussion in the direction of spiritual beliefs, personal character, social structure, and organized religious action. Its temper is a wise, sober, progressive one, which we can heartily commend. The dominant thoughts of the lectures are: the prosperity of the individual as wrapped up in that of the community, and personal life as the power of religious truth. These are brought out everywhere with clearness and firmness.

"Christ's Trumpet-Call to the Ministry," by Dr. D. S. Gregory, is a very full and forcible putting of the case as to the importance and authority of the ministry in proclaiming Christianity. "Direct and effective Gospel preaching" is with it "the immediate salvation of the world." The volume rests on the supernatural character of Christian faith. Natural agents and methods receive but meagre recognition. Indeed, the hortatory temper in religion almost always implies supernatural terms of action, supernatural aids to such action, and divine responses under it. The author and men of a kindred outlook, thoroughly as they may be in earnest in a renovating work, seem to forget that the best of preaching has issued in only qualified success; that the obstacles to progress lie as deeply imbedded in Christendom as in heathendom, and that if we were to select any, the best body of believers, we should still find in them only the germs of the Kingdom of Heaven. The supernatural, separating itself from a wide discussion of the natural conditions and methods of growth in society, leaves society in a very inadequate, fitful, and uneven response to the duties which organize men in the Kingdom of Heaven. A preacher may say admirable things in an emphatic way, and still find his audience but partially responsive. The remedy is not found in a more stentorian tone. Dr. Gregory's presentation, though carefully wrought out, is weakened by this underlying assumption.

"The Mind of the Master," by the Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), is designed to draw preeminent attention to the words of Christ as the very substance of the Gospel message, and to put somewhat in the background the teachings that accompany them and the dogmas that have arisen in connection with them. This is virtually a return toward the natural. If we meet Christ simply as a medium of truth, a higher form of life, we are at once at work under the laws of our own spiritual constitution; the natural and the supernatural, the determinate methods of growth and that insight and liberty which enable us to employ them, begin to flow together in a product of conduct and character, as firm as the physical and as free as the spiritual world. The volume is made up of a series of phases of truth associated with Christ, such as: "The Sovereignty of Character," "Devotion to a Person the Dynamic of Religion," "Optimism the Attitude of Faith." The work is done with fine insight, a subtle spiritual temper, and decided literary excellence. The volume is one to which the reader may return in many moods of mind, with much pleasure.

The last two of the volumes on our present list are closely associated. The first of them, "The Religious Forces of the United States," by Dr. H. K. Carroll, is a very full and carefully analytic statement of the various forms of religious faith in the United States. Dr. Carroll had charge, in the eleventh census, of the statistics of churches. Not only are the general facts given, they are made clear and forceful by tracing their precise form and productive causes. "Classification of the Churches," "The Causes of Division," "The Distribution of the Several Forms of Faith," "The Evangelical and Non-Evangelical Elements," "The Negro in his Relations to the Church," are a portion of the explanatory topics. The work is a complete presentation of the familiar but confused fact of the manifold forms of religious belief in the United States.

The last volume, "Church Unity," is a plea in correction of a widespread and obvious evil. It is made up of five discourses delivered in Union Theological Seminary, by as many members of leading churches, all of them representative men: Dr. Charles W. Shields, Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, Dr. John F. Hurst, Dr. Henry C. Potter, Dr. Armory H. Bradford. The preface lays emphasis on the "concord of opinion" between these divines, each pursuing his own line of thought.

The division of the natural and the supernatural is involved in this topic, as in the previous ones. Only on the supposition of an adequate and authoritative dogma given by revelation can we expect to return to church unity in connection with a creed.

We should deem it preposterous to push for unity in matters of science or philosophy, by accepting as ultimate certain primary principles. The intellect is necessarily analytic and divisive in its action. Whatever unity is possible to it can only be reached by pushing onward in endless activity through and beyond the more partial and more variable aspects of truth. Activity means, and must always mean, diversity. This diversity is natural, is inevitable, is desirable; it lies in the breadth of the topic and the diffusion of thought. The unity of the churches under natural law is not the unity of a creed, but the unity of an end pursued by all paths, through all creeds, and with the aid of every rite. The Kingdom of Heaven cannot be anticipated by a formal construction. It must have the diversity and vitality in every part of it of a free living organism.

In spite of the preface, the "concord of opinion" is not apparent in these lectures, or in their several parts. The undeniable fact, the need of unity among Christians, and the very disputable idea that the Chicago Lambeth articles are an open means to this end, are not reconciled in the discussions. Unity, growing out of concurrent action for the coming of the Kingdom, is one thing; and a formal unity, less or greater, under the articles of a creed, is another and very different thing. The relation of the two is not thoroughly elucidated. Some of the lectures have the one chiefly in view, and some the other. The two things seem to us incapable of being united. The one form of unity relegates the creed to a secondary position; the other conspicuously retains it as a primary factor. The presentation of Dr. Shields is not easily harmonized with that of Dr. Bradford, while the intermediate lecturers are not careful to reconcile the two fundamental methods. The several lectures of which the volume is composed are of the best. Against the spirit of the discussion we have not a word to say. Our only difficulty with it lies in the feeling that the result implicitly involved in it must be perfectly formal. So far as it should prove efficacious, it would be likely also to prove hurtful by deadening that activity of thought which is, after all, genetic in the Kingdom of Heaven.

These discourses, however, have much of that temper which subordinates belief to action, and here we most heartily agree with them. The unity which is coming to the Church must be found by picking up its hopes, and casting them, with one mighty fling, forward into the Kingdom of Heaven.

JOHN BASCOM.

CITIZENS interested in preventive work among juvenile offenders will do their cause a good service by helping to circulate a little book entitled "Your Little Brother James." It is written with skill by a lady who has had experience as superintendent of the Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania. The story is full of interest, and the social doctrine taught is eminently sound. The author is Mrs. Caroline H. Pemberton, and her address is Stamford, New York.

RECENT FICTION.*

The reader of M. Zola's "Rome" struggles through the volumes with a sense of bewilderment, and closes them with a somewhat reluctant recognition of their power. It is evident that the author has gathered his material hastily together, and that the process of elaboration has been far from complete. In this respect, the Roman novels of Mr. Crawford are more finished productions, and afford us glimpses of the social and ecclesiastical life of the capital of Christendom that could not possibly have been revealed to M. Zola in the few weeks that he gave himself for investigation on the spot. But the scope of the French novelist's work is so vast, his method so well formed, and his synthetic power so

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*ROME. By Emile Zola. Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE REDS OF THE MIDI. An Episode of the French Revolution. Translated from the Provençal of Felix Gras by Catharine A. Janvier. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE WHITE ROCKS. A Novel. Translated from the French of Edouard Rod. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

EMANUEL; or, Children of the Soil. From the Danish of Henrik Pontoppidan by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

CAMILLA. A Novel. Translated from the Swedish and Danish of Richert von Koch. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

VERA VORONTZOFF. By Sonya Kovalevsky. Rendered into English by Anna von Rydingsvärd (Baroness von Proschwitz). Boston: Lamson, Wolffe, & Co.

THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN. A Novel. By Sir Walter Besant. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

A FIRST FLEET FAMILY. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffrey. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE CAVALIERS. A Novel. By S. R. Keightley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE CRIMSON SIGN. By S. R. Keightley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MR. TYRAWLEY. By E. Livingston Prescott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A MASK AND A MARTYR. By E. Livingston Prescott. New York: Edward Arnold.

A GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN. Edited by Max Pemberton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SECOND OPPORTUNITY OF MR. STAPLEHURST. A Novel. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE X JEWEL. A Scottish Romance of the Days of James VI. By the Hon. Frederick Moncrieff. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A STUMBLER IN WIDE SHOES. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE SOWERS. A Novel. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FLOTSAM. The Study of a Life. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

HIS HONOUR, AND A LADY. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE MADONNA OF A DAY. By L. Dougall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MADELON. A Novel. By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE UNDER SIDE OF THINGS. A Novel. By Lilian Bell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A FOOL OF NATURE. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

JERRY THE DREAMER. A Novel. By Will Payne. New York: Harper & Brothers.

considerable, that the "Saracinesca" books are in most respects easily distanced. One finds in "Rome" the evidence of wide reading, supplemented by enough direct observation to give vitality to the narrative. A guide-book to the topography, ancient and modern, of the city, a summary of its history and its art, a study of its economic and social conditions, and, above all else, a searching analysis of the Church in its latter-day workings and significance, are all embraced in M. Zola's magnificent scheme. To these features the private and personal interest of the characters are strictly subordinated; the story of ecclesiastical intrigue and wire-pulling has the first place, and the tragic love-story is of only subsidiary importance. The chief figure is that of the Abbé Froment, whom we learned to know in "Lourdes." Shaken in his faith and utterly disheartened by contact with the display of gross superstition witnessed at the Grotto, he returns to Paris in search of a new religious ideal. This he soon finds in a somewhat nebulous sort of Christian socialism, and he pictures to himself a regenerated Church in harmony with the teachings and practice of primitive Christianity. His ideal presently projects itself into a book, "Rome Nouvelle," which embodies all the ardent aspiration of his youthful and deeply religious soul. But the book finds slight favor with the Church, and he learns, to his dismay, that it is about to be placed in the Index. He hastens to Rome to plead his cause, and the whole novel is the story of his efforts to gain a hearing. As the weeks lengthen into months, while he is put off on one pretext after another, and sent from dignitary to dignitary in his quest, his spirits fail him, and a sort of moral disintegration sets in, which is furthered by his ever-deepening sense of the contrast between the ideal Church of which he has dreamed and the real Church which he gradually comes to know in its chief stronghold and in the persons of its chief representatives. The situation is that of a nineteenth-century Luther, but a Luther who in the end submits, as far as the externals go, and reprobates his own work. We leave him seemingly crushed by the machinery that has been brought to bear upon his will, yet not without signs of an inward spring that is likely in the future to shape his life to a deeper and more lasting revolt than the one now in appearance subdued. M. Zola has often shown himself a master of irony, but never before so triumphantly as in the scene of the long-sought audience with the Holy Father, when the priest makes his submission, seemingly persuaded of the error of his ways, but in reality more deeply than ever before in antagonism with the Church. As he utters the formula of self-reprobation, there is shaping itself deep in his heart the feeling that his dream of a regenerated Church was indeed an idle one, that the old vessel would crack were the new wine poured into it. "Rome" is a book calculated to cause much controversy. Its weight seems, on the whole, to be thrown against the Church; yet the argument for the Church is stated with great force, and the author, although he must be taken as the champion of positivism, has enough of the historic sense to write a book as widely as possible separated from anti-religious polemics of the shallow Voltairean type. The author has set himself as a task to see the whole of his subject, and to see it as steadily as possible; when we consider what that subject is, it may fairly be said that he has achieved a reasonable degree of success. It should be added that there is little of what we commonly think of as "Zolaism" in the book; with the exception of a single scene that, in spite of its power, good taste must condemn, there is nothing to give serious offense. The book is a far finer production than "Lourdes," for which fact the subject-matter is not alone responsible.

We see the French Revolution from a new point of view in "The Reds of the Midi," a novel translated from the Provençal of M. Felix Gras by Mrs. Janvier. M. Gras tells the story of the famous Marseilles battalion that marched to Paris with its new war-song, filled the hearts of the revolutionists with fresh courage, and took part in the attack on the Tuileries on the Tenth of August. The story is placed upon the lips of a peasant, a participant in the march, who in his old age relates it to a circle of eager listeners. History has treated these Marseilles patriots very unfairly, representing them as cutthroats and escaped *galériens*. It has been a leading motive with the author to rehabilitate their fame, and recent historical investigations justify his partisanship. M. Gras himself is an exceedingly interesting character, and no part of the book is more readable than the biographical introduction contributed by Mr. Janvier. He tells us that M. Gras was born a little over half a century ago, that he attempted law and abandoned it for literature, that he became associated with the Félibrige, and is now its *capoulié*, or head, the successor of Roumanille, who succeeded Mistral. He has published epic and other poems, and stories of old-time Avignon, and has written (but not yet published in the original Provençal) the romance now translated, which is thus given to the world for the first time in English dress. It is a noteworthy piece of story-telling, and Mrs. Janvier's English is so good as to make it difficult to believe the work to be other than an original.

One of the most remarkable French novelists now living, M. Edouard Rod, is introduced to the American public by "The White Rocks," a translation of one of his most charming stories. M. Rod is a Swiss writer, which brings him into comparison with the veteran novelist, M. Cherbuliez; and his work will bear the comparison fairly well, for it is deeper and more convincing, although less animated and inventive. M. Rod's closest affinity is, however, with M. Paul Bourget, for both have the same psychological method, the same critical faculty, and the same seriousness of purpose. "The White Rocks" is a study of Swiss provincial life, and its leading figure is a young Protestant pastor, whose peasant

origin makes it impossible for him fully to acquire the manner of men delicately bred, but whose essential nobility of character wins the admiration of those who look beneath the surface of a man's personality. Temptation comes to him in the shape familiar to French novels, but he conquers it manfully, although the act of renunciation costs him the bitterest struggle of his life, and his horizon at the close of the book is left well nigh cheerless. As a study of the pettiness of provincial manners and ideals the book is full of subtle touches, and will repay a close examination. Even the lesser characters, of whom there are many, are distinctly individualized, and their delineation bears all the impress of truth.

With the three translations from the French just passed in review, we may discuss three rather important translations from the recent fiction of the Scandinavian North; and it is something of a coincidence that the first of the three to be taken up, Herr Pontoppidan's "Emanuel; or, Children of the Soil," should be like M. Rod's novel in dealing with the experiences of a young and diffident pastor in a small provincial parish. Herr Pontoppidan's "Emanuel" is the first part of a sort of novel-trilogy, in which the author has sought to exhibit the after-effects of the Grundtvigian movement that stirred Danish society to its foundations in the fifties and sixties. It is to be hoped that "The Promised Land" and "The Day of Judgment," the two remaining sections of the trilogy, will also soon be put into English. The movement which will always be known by the name of Bishop Grundtvig was a religious revival and something more. It aimed to substitute a living Christianity for the dull formalism that had taken hold of the church in Denmark, and at the same time to awaken the historical consciousness of the Scandinavian people by reviving an interest in their magnificent inheritance of myth and tradition. It also aimed to exalt the peasant as the finest, because the least sophisticated, element of the Scandinavian character. We say Scandinavian rather than Danish of set purpose, because Grundtvig's influence was felt throughout the three countries, and because he never ceased to urge their union. The novel now under discussion deals with the seventies, — when Grundtvig was no more, although his spirit was still abroad — and pictures for us the life of a small peasant community hopelessly estranged from the State Church, yet eager for spiritual guidance. The generous soul of the pastor soon brings him into sympathy with the aspirations of his people; he marries a girl of peasant extraction, and breaks with his ecclesiastical superior. At the last moment, the intervention of Bishop Monrad, who is wise enough to see and correctly interpret the signs of the times, persuades the hero to remain in the Church, leaving him free to work out his ideals under the protection of the organization. This hasty outline can give but an imperfect notion of what the reader will find to be a very genuine and charming book, fresh in its interest and valuable as a means of acquaintance with the intimate life of one of the most interesting of European peoples.

One is a little puzzled to learn from the title-page of "Camilla" that the novel is translated "from the Swedish and Danish of Richert von Koch." A prefatory note explains the mystery, however, telling us that the original is Swedish, but that the heroine, a Danish young woman on a visit to Stockholm, speaks in her own tongue throughout the book. "At first," says the author, "I let her talk Swedish, but she was thereby changed into a wholly different person. Such mighty influence has language not only over thought, but also over the whole personality." The novel is a pretty sort of love-story, with a strong pietistic flavor which keeps it from being very good art. There are many pages of rather puerile religious discussion, and even the Salvation Army is taken seriously. The name of the translator is not given, but the initials N. H. D., affixed both to the preface and the occasional notes, warrant us in making a good guess.

We are not informed in what language "Vera Vorontzoff" was originally written, but we assume it to have been the Swedish, since the translation is made by a lady of that nationality. The book is a straightforward intense narrative of the revolutionary propaganda in Russia, sketching for us the situation that is presented in far greater elaboration by Tourguénieff's "Virgin Soil," and written with marked sympathy and sincerity of purpose. There can be little doubt that Madame Kovalevsky put a good deal of her own life into these pages, with such marvellous skill has she interpreted the emotions and the high-strung aspirations of the young girl who is the heroine. In many ways this story of a fictitious heroine is the story of the famous mathematician's own girlhood, as she embodied it in the wonderfully vivid autobiographical fragment published a year or two ago. We do not find here the art of the novelist so much as the frank self-revelation of the woman of genius who cannot escape, nor wishes to, from the trammels of her subjectivity. We may smile at the ill-balanced enthusiasm that impels the heroine of this tale to self-immolation in her chosen cause, but we cannot escape the impression that this is one of the most genuine books ever written, or refrain from paying tribute to the high qualities of mind and heart that it reveals. Some of the pages, particularly those relating to the Emancipation, are worthy of Tourguénieff himself, which is about the highest praise that it is possible to bestow.

In "The Master Craftsman," Sir Walter Besant has given us an unusually good story, one that sustains its interest to the last and leaves a pleasant impression upon the memory. Two young men, distantly related, and reared under entirely different circumstances, are the chief characters. One is a man of leisure and of the world, suddenly confronted with the problem of earning a living; the other is a master boat-builder who plies his craft at Wapping where the Old Stairs were. The latter wants

to get into Parliament, while the former has no ambitions in that direction. To put the matter briefly, they agree to change places, each instructing the other in the ways of the world which he desires to enter. So the man of society becomes a boat-builder, and the boat-builder learns how to conduct himself in polite circles, achieves his political ambitions, and becomes a power in the State. Incidentally, each of the men marries the woman whom nature seems to have destined for the other. The book has also a hidden treasure that comes to light just when it should, and a great deal of curious information about Wapping and the older part of London generally. It has the breeziness, the wholesome quality, and the entertaining improbability of all Sir Walter's work, and needs no better commendation.

By "A First Fleet Family" we are to understand a family included in the first shipment of convicts and their guard to Botany Bay in New South Wales. The authors of the book (for it is a collaborative work) have given us quite as much fact as fiction, and told perhaps for the first time in readable literary form the story of the famous penal settlement in its beginnings. The element of historical justification enters quite considerably into this book, which may, nevertheless, be read for entertainment alone without any great disappointment, although judged as a work of fiction pure and simple it has many shortcomings.

If we are not greatly mistaken, Mr. S. R. Keightley is a new novelist who will have to be reckoned with. His two works, "The Crimson Sign" and "The Cavaliers," are as good historical fiction as has been published in many a day, quite as good as the early books of Mr. Weyman and Dr. Doyle. Of course, they are the same sort of thing over again, just as "Micah Clarke" and "A Gentleman of France" were Scott and Dumas over again, and equally of course, the man whose genius originates a style and a manner stands on a pedestal far above the heads of the men who merely imitate him. This reservation being made, we may give very high praise to Mr. Keightley's novels. "The Crimson Sign," which is the less finished and effective of the two, deals with the famous siege of Londonderry; "The Cavaliers" has for its subject the Civil War in England, the victories of Cromwell, and the trials of the King at Oxford and Carisbrooke Castle. In the latter book, as the title would indicate, our sympathies are enlisted in the royalist cause, although justice is not withheld from Cromwell in the striking portrayal of his character that the tale affords.

E. Livingston Prescott is a new name to us, and appears at about the same time upon the title-pages of two novels. Both stories are of the most improbable sort, so irresponsible in their dealings with human character that they hold the attention only by their appeal to curiosity. We wonder at every step what fantastic twist of invention will be the next to be displayed by the writer. In "The Apotheosis of Mr. Tyrawley" we have for hero a card-sharper and *chevalier d'industrie*, who falls sentimentally in love with a schoolgirl, and determines to lead "a better life." He has a hard time of it, but comes out all right at last, and finds a benevolent old uncle added to the other rewards of virtue. In "A Mask and a Martyr" we have for hero a man who seems to be a coward, a drunkard, and a thief. After we have tried to become reconciled to the various forms of blackguardism to which he appears addicted, we find out to our amazement that he has only pretended to be a scoundrel, that his wife is a dipsomaniac, and that he has thus shaped appearances against his own character for the sole purpose of shielding her, and avoiding the exposure of her infirmity. Both of these books do violence to every principle of good novel-writing, and their ingenuity of invention does little to save them from condemnation.

Mr. Max Pemberton, after essaying several other varieties of fiction with more or less success, has made an experiment in the picaresque, choosing, however, to set his rascally hero in a nineteenth-century environment, instead of removing him to the comfortable distance of the seventeenth century. Piquancy is certainly lent to the story by the contrast thus offered between the modern setting, on the one hand, and the old-fashioned sort of motive, intrigue, and literary manner, on the other. The story is told by a valet — the "Gentleman's Gentleman" of the title—and a precious rascal he makes his master out to be. True to the picaresque model, the tale has but slight unity as a whole, and relies for its interest upon the episodes that it loosely links together.

"The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst" is a whimsical narrative of the sort that we associate with the writer who calls himself F. Anstey. A successful man of letters, who has reached middle life, expresses the wish to begin his career over again, retaining the benefit of his already acquired experience. Greatly to his surprise the wish is granted, and he finds his youth renewed, although he still remembers all about his former existence. But he uses his "second opportunity" only to make a mess of things, and ends by wishing himself back into his previous life. The story is extremely amusing, although the conception is worked out in a rather reckless way, and a good many tag-ends are left for the imagination of the reader to adjust.

"The X Jewel" is an interesting romance, disappointing only because it is left in an unfinished state. This was doubtless intentional with the writer, but we really have a right to know more than he tells us of the mystery concerned, and to enjoy at greater length the reunion of the happy lovers. The story deals with the turbulent Scotch court during the early manhood of the son of Mary Stuart, and affords us the novelty of reading about Elizabeth in the character of an "old termagant." The delineation of James would be masterly if it did not clothe him as a boy with all the shrewdness and pedantry of his later years. It is impossible to

accept this sketch of the King in 1585, although it would pass without question twenty or thirty years later. The tale is compactly told, and almost Stevensonian in the finish of its best pages.

The anonymous novel called "A Stumbler in Wide Shoes" deserves a better title. It is the very readable story of a young Dutch artist who marries an English girl, does not appreciate her simple devotion and strength of character, becomes entangled with a beautiful Jewess, gets into desperate financial straits, and in trying to extricate himself becomes a thief. His character is so utterly worthless that we are hardly prepared for his final apotheosis. When he has realized the depth of his humiliation, he goes to Paris, starts a new life under an assumed name, becomes a great artist, and receives forgiveness from his injured wife. It is true that he was not only sinning, but sinned against as well, yet the rehabilitation of his character seems to be beyond the limits of the possible. The scene of the story is laid, for the most part, in Amsterdam, and one gets a vivid and faithful reproduction of the life of that interesting city.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman is a novelist of growing power, and the two books recently published by him exhibit a distinct advance over his earlier work. One of them, "The Sowers," is essentially a study of the Russian revolutionary propaganda in its phase of pacific philanthropical endeavor. There is an interesting plot, carefully constructed, a great deal of crisp and effective dialogue, and a fine ideal of human conduct. The characters are well differentiated, and each of the more important figures is a study by itself. "Flotsam" shifts the scene from Russia to India, and its interest centres about the Mutiny, although but one important episode of that struggle — the siege of Delhi —is described at length. The leading character is a man in many ways prepossessing, but fatally weak, and led by his lack of will to the disaster that wrecks his life. It is evident that Mr. Merriman has written neither of these books from hearsay, but has visited the countries concerned, and made faithful studies of the local coloring. The conscience thus displayed, together with a brilliant gift for characterization and dramatic effect, put his novels among the best of the season for entertainment, and, to no small extent, for instruction.

Mrs. Cotes, also, has an Indian story for us in "His Honour, and a Lady." It deals with the social life of modern India, which the writer knows well, but displays, besides, no little insight into the native character. It cannot be compared in this respect with the work of Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Steel, but their example has made it henceforth impossible for a novelist of India to give us the merely conventionalized background of native life as we used to have it in Anglo-Indian fiction. Our eyes have been opened, and even so superficial a writer as Mrs. Cotes is forced to furnish something better than the old pretence of characterization. The story is essentially that of an earnest and incorruptible, but unimaginative and philistine, English official, who tries to do his duty in his own stubborn way. We cannot sympathize very much with the particular thing he tries to do, and which in the end leads to his overthrow and death, but we can heartily applaud the spirit in which he sets about what he conceives to be his duty. Mrs. Cotes, like most other people who have lived for any length of time in India, understands very clearly how ill-advised is much of the meddlesome legislation for the Empire that emanates from Westminster, and how necessary it is that the colonial administrator should have a free hand in matters that do not affect foreign relations. This phase of the subject receives sharp and effective satire at her hands. For the rest, her story is lively and agreeable, and of the sort that is as easily read as forgotten.

In "The Madonna of a Day" we hardly recognize Miss Dougall's hand until we have got well into the book. It begins in so animated a fashion, and holds out such promise of real excitement, that the author seems to have taken a wholly new departure. The dull and heavy earnestness to which readers of her other books have become so accustomed appears after a while, but not before the story, as a mere piece of picturesque adventure, has acquired momentum sufficient to carry its interest on to the end. Miss Dougall's work is always original, and the present story is peculiarly so. We are tempted to call it the best that she has yet written.

Miss Wilkins gives us in her new story something more of passion and the play of the primitive instincts of humanity than she has been wont to deal with, and the result, it must be admitted, is art of a less finished and convincing sort than that to which her books have hitherto accustomed us. The figure of Madelon (who gives her name to the novel) is a little unreal and theatrical, and the other leading figures are even more difficult to live with as actual human beings. It is in its minor descriptions and delineations that the book is most successful, for it is in them that the writer is permitted to exhibit the delicacy of touch that has given her so distinguished a place in our fiction. The style of the book, in the non-dramatic portions, is admirable for restraint and poetic feeling, and in part compensates the reader for what he feels to be the defects of the novel in its vital aspect.

Miss Bell's third novel, "The Under Side of Things," is an improvement on her second, but we should hesitate to describe it as better than her first. Viewed as a whole, it offers a pleasant picture of life in an Eastern country town, with glimpses of West Point and one or two army posts. The characters are agreeably diversified, and two of them — Mrs. Copeland and Kate Vandevoort — are triumphs of delineation. It is, however, in its careful working out of details that the book scores its chief success, and one has not read many pages before he comes distinctly to understand that this is not a book to be skimmed over, that every line of it has been studied and will repay perusal. This

evidence of the artistic conscience is very gratifying in our age of hasty novel-writing, and special attention should be called to it. There are many "smart" sayings in the book, but the mere cleverness which it might derive from them alone is overshadowed by the delicate and tender sentiment that informs the story throughout, and provides its chief charm. Once or twice, indeed, this sentiment comes dangerously near to being "gush," and we fear lest the limit should be overstepped. But the good sense of the writer stands her in stead at these critical junctures, and the situation is saved. No one but a woman could possibly have written this book or any page of it; the feminine touch is everywhere manifest, with its many pleasant implications, and, we must add, its inevitable limitations.

One starts to read "A Fool of Nature" with some misgivings, for it was awarded the first prize in a newspaper competition, and the realization proves worse than the anticipation. If this story was the best of the hundreds entered, what must the others have been? The pity of it is that Mr. Hawthorne, who, although a third-rate novelist, is capable of far better work than this, should have so deliberately written down to the level of the intelligence that he surmised would be brought to bear upon the awarding of the prizes. From first to last the book is unreal and unconvincing, written in a sort of slapdash journalese, and without any other adornment than the "smartness" of self-consciousness and the glitter of a tinsel rhetoric.

Chicago is the scene of "Jerry the Dreamer," and the story is from the pen of a new writer. It tells of a young man who leaves his home in central Illinois to seek his fortunes in the great city, of his trials and successes, and of the weakness of character that proves nearly, if not quite, fatal to his ambition. The author leaves us in some perplexity as to the future of his hero, with the impression of having got him into a fix and not knowing how to get him out again. The book shows many marks of inexperience, but is made attractive by a certain freshness and genuineness of treatment, together with a direct simplicity that is distinctly engaging. The heroine is a very commonplace sort of girl, and may hardly be given the sympathy that the writer evidently expects for her. But the book is, on the whole, a promising first effort, and we shall hope to find its author's name upon another title-page before very long.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

M. COPPÉE'S "Le Pater," which made such a stir in Paris a few years ago, is admirably fitted for use as a French text, and we are glad to see that it has been edited for college use by Professor de Sumichrast (Ginn). But we cannot commend the work done by this editor in abridging "Les Misérables" (Ginn) for similar uses. We must call all such work vandalism — there is no other name for it. The "Perdue" of "Henry Greville" (Jenkins), with notes by Professor G. M. Harper, is a volume in the "Romans Choisis" series.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

State control of railroads.

Clearly, one of the greatest economic questions of the day is that which involves the governmental control or supervision—state or national, or both—of the railroads of this country. The vast and recent growth of the material, and especially of the agricultural, interests of the United States makes the question of internal transportation one that vitally concerns a very large majority of the people, and an adequate solution of the problem a matter of the very first importance. The railroad problem of to-day is not the one that existed in the earlier history of our government. The conditions which then existed did not require extensive internal communications, nor was there much demand for assistance from the public or the government. A study of this vital question, in some of its essentially modern features, is presented by Professor F. H. Dixon, in his treatise on "State Railroad Control" (Crowell). He chooses to give a history of this control as illustrated in the experience of Iowa, because that state was the centre of the Granger movement, the movement by which the questions of railroad management were most bitterly fought out and settled; and also because Iowa's experience includes nearly every phase of the question of railroad control, and the Iowa Commission has been one of the best managed and most successful in the country. While the law of 1888 gave the Commission the right to prevent and punish extortion and unjust discrimination in the rates charged for transportation of passengers and freights on the railroads of Iowa, it had no jurisdiction over a large portion of the railroad business on account of its inter-state character. The author concludes that, "For adequate control of the inter-state business, we must look to Congress; and the solution of this entire question of control must come through a combination of national and state control, and a judicious division of powers. . . . The state commission should have authority to investigate local complaints of unjust discrimination, with the right to certify to the courts refusals to obey their orders. . . . To the national commission should be given full power of prescribing a general classification and a schedule of maximum rates for inter-state business. If such a schedule were enforced, and the rates made stable, there could be no inducement to discrimination and rate-cutting within a state, and the local rates could be left to the railroads." Professor Henry C. Adams, who writes the introduction to this book, gives a graphic historical description of the relation of the Government to inland transportation, and among other things, says: "The industry of transportation is fundamental in the industrial organization of a community. He who controls the means of communication has it in his power to arbitrarily make or destroy the business of any place or any person; and it was because the public recognized this great power, which from its nature is dangerous when employed with a view to

the private interest of corporations, that appeal was made to government for protection." The publication of this treatise is a real service to those who are seeking some honest and sufficient solution of the questions with which it ably deals.

International relations and arbitration.

It was seemingly a piece of good fortune that the three essays and addresses collected under the title "America and Europe," and added to the series of volumes on "Questions of the Day" (Putnam), should appear almost simultaneously with the publication of the recent correspondence between Secretary Olney and Lord Salisbury on the Venezuela boundary dispute and the problem of international arbitration. And yet, the attention of the American people is too closely fixed upon the opening skirmishes of a momentous presidential battle to more than glance at the weighty utterances of even men like Mr. David A. Wells, Mr. Edward J. Phelps, and Mr. Carl Schurz, upon political questions which, though vitally important, have no light to throw on "16 to 1." Mr. Wells, in the first paper, attempts to dissipate the prejudice in many American minds against the British method of building empire. Mr. Phelps discusses the Monroe Doctrine in relation to the Venezuela difficulty. He finds even less justification for the intervention of the United States than Lord Salisbury in his later correspondence appears to concede. He says: "Till some man can stand forth and inform us how we are to be injured by the adjustment of that Venezuela boundary line, I shall venture respectfully to assert that it is a controversy we have no right to meddle with." The third paper is upon Arbitration in International Disputes. After celebrating the praises of arbitration, Mr. Schurz acknowledges there may be questions of national honor which cannot be submitted to any tribunal, but he thinks that "It is time for modern civilization to leave behind it those mediæval notions according to which personal honor found its best protection in the duelling pistol, and national honor could be vindicated only by slaughter and devastation." He does not attempt to discuss the practical questions concerning the wisest composition of an international court of arbitration. These, however, need more attention just now than the principle of arbitration itself, if the present negotiations are to be pushed to a successful conclusion.

More Jewish literature.

"Studies in Judaism" (Macmillan) is the collective title of a series of papers, by Professor S. Schechter, Reader in Talmudic in the University of Cambridge, reprinted in a revised form from "The Jewish Quarterly" and "The Jewish Chronicle." The essays, while possessing a certain generic unity, are rather diversified in theme — a distinct unity of purpose being traceable only in the three opening ones, on Chassidim, Krochmal, and the Gaon, which were written with a view of bringing under the notice of the English public a type of men evolved by the Synagogue of the Eastern Jews. That Synagogue is, the author observes, widely different from the more practical, and certainly more presentable, Synagogue of the West. "Its places of worship have no claims to 'beauty of holiness,' being in their outward appearance rather bare and bald, if not repulsive; whilst those who frequent them are a noisy, excitable people, who actually dance on the 'Season of Rejoicing' and cry bitterly on the 'Days of Mourning.' But among all these vagaries — or perhaps because of them — this Synagogue has had its moments of grace, when enthusiasm wedded to inspiration gave birth to such beautiful souls as Baalshem, such fine skeptics as Krochmal, and such saintly scholars as Elijah Wilna." Other notable essays are: "A Jewish Boswell," "The Dogmas of Judaism," "The History of Jewish Tradition," "The Law and Recent Criticism," "The Child in Jewish Literature," "Woman in Temple and Synagogue," etc. The papers are marked throughout by scholarship, and should fulfil the purpose of their more serious side — to attract the attention of students to the neglected and potentially fruitful field of Jewish mysticism and Rabbinic theology.

Jewish women in ancient and modern times.

Miss Louise Mannheimer's scholarly translation of Nahida Remy's searching and at times eloquent study of "The Jewish Woman" (C. J. Krehbiel & Co., Cincinnati) merits the attention of those interested in the general theme a phase of which it discusses. The work represents an effort made by a thoughtful Christian woman to present a true, though broadly-treated, picture of the idiosyncrasies of the Jewish woman. The work is not, like most of its class, a polemic for or against,— the author seeking mainly broad and essential truth of portraiture, and withholding neither praise nor censure where either is due. As Dr. Lazarus observes in his preface: "Her judgment of Jewish woman is candid and without bias, and if her growing admiration finds its climax in contemplation of their virtues in the olden times, her keen criticism is aroused by the observation of their failings in our own period." We cordially echo Dr. Lazarus's wish that Mme. Remy's book "will be largely read by Jewish women," who will not fail to find therein a high incentive to self-culture and elevation. The volume contains a portrait of the author.

Local rates in England.

Mr. Edwin Cannan's work on "The History of Local Rates in England" (Longmans) consists of five lectures dealing with a phase of local taxation in England which is alike new and instructive. The author submits a vast amount of historical data and dry detail. Yet, in the very first page of the book he admirably prepares us for the investigations which follow. He says: "A great deal that is true is not worth knowing. The most inveterate bore is often the most truthful of men. All history should, I think, have some practical aim. Some moral, some lesson or

guidance, should be afforded by it. Even if this is not true of all history, it is surely true with regard to economic history. It would be absurd to study a subject so dry, not to say so odious, as local rates, except with a view to practical aims. We do not study such subjects from a love of truth in the abstract . . . but because there are practical controversies about them, and we hope that we may learn something which may be of assistance in these controversies." It is the purpose of this work to mass the facts explaining the origin and progress of the two great characteristics of the rating system which give rise to most complaint, namely, that rates are paid only in respect of certain kinds of property, and levied from the occupiers and not the owners of that property. The author has made extended research into the English statutes and the decisions bearing upon the questions with which he treats, and has added a deal of unique information upon a comparatively obscure subject.

Types and symbols in Mediæval Architecture.

Professor E. P. Evans has found in "Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture" (Holt) the subject for a very interesting book, and a very amusing one too, despite the somewhat scholastic character of its title. It is an attempt (p. 16) to indicate the origin and signification of the most prominent types and symbols in the curious and apocryphal natural history of mediæval Christianity, which comes to its most obvious presentation in ecclesiastical architecture. The standpoint of architecture was happily chosen, for we may see examples of animal symbolism in any mediæval building we look at, either actually or in illustration; whereas other manifestations of the tendency are, as a rule, to be observed only by the student. The subject is wide and often obscure, and Professor Evans would not assert that he has said the last word upon it. The book, however, has an immense amount of example and illustration which will be useful to the scholar, while it is a perfect mine of entertainment to the more cursory reader. We cannot begin to give an idea of the variety of quaint interpretation and singular allegory to be found in the work. It is an extremely entertaining volume, besides being valuable, and will doubtless open to many entirely new sources of interest.

Essays on the Sonnet and other things.

If temperance in judgment, pliancy of style, and a knack of fresh and sympathetic presentation, are reasons enough for conferring success upon a volume of critical papers, they are not far to seek in Mr. James Ashcroft Noble's "The Sonnet in England, and Other Essays" (Way & Williams). A reperusal of this book in a well-made second edition, printed, presumably without change, from the edition of 1892, is a pleasure to which one can testify with no very great reservations as to major matters. The initial paper, one of the more noticeable of the reviews written *àpropos* of the appearance in 1880 of Mr. Main's "Treasury of English Sonnets," is still (where other commentators have lost themselves in questions of origins and devious rulings about form) sensible and suggestive, and, for the survey which it purports to be of the sonnet in this special field, unusually practical. On the subject of the sonnets of Rossetti also, and of "The Germ" (the pre-Raphaelite magazine which is the subject of the second paper), Mr. Noble shows something more than the mere timeliness of periodical writing. Other numbers are on Robert Buchanan's poetry; a kind of defence of unlucky Leigh Hunt; and a monograph of Hawker of Morwenstow, the picturesque poet-priest of Cornwall, who is himself enough to give a book a second edition.

A record of some literary pilgrimages.

"To renew our fondness for the motherland by thumbing over the pages of her story" is, obviously enough, the motive of Miss Alice Brown's "By Oak and Thorn: A Record of English Days" (Houghton). If the record is a good deal mixed with fiction, it is because "the dwelling-places of great and beloved souls," for her, include both the actual and the imaginary, and "Here stood," or "Here might have stood" is as potent as "Here stands." A pilgrimage into Devon, "The Haunt of the Doones," "The Land of Arthur," Eastcheap for Falstaff's sake, and Knutsford or Cranford for Mrs. Gaskill's, among the journeyings undertaken, have something significant in their added and somewhat *naïve* testimony to the power of England over certain phases of the American literary mind. The style, with its drollities of phrase, its allusions, quotations, rhythms, apostrophes, shows more than ever the results of eager reading. Perhaps the best paper is that on "The Brontë Country," where subject and treatment and actual circumstance are most clearly in accord.

Knowing trees by their leaves.

Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews, in his "Familiar Trees and their Leaves" (Appleton), explains the characteristic differences between the members of the great tree families in a way to be easily understood. The appreciative reader will soon find himself plucking branches from the wayside trees and identifying them by means of the fine illustrations and admirable descriptions here presented. Mr. Mathews classifies the trees according to the shapes and positions of the leaves,— as simple or compound, opposite or alternate, toothed or untoothed; but adds also, for the benefit of the novice, descriptions of bark, fruit, contour of the tree, habits, and minor items. The book is a study of the trees from the view-point not only of science, but of beauty. The illustrations, over two hundred in number, are deserving of special note; they were drawn by the author from nature, and preserve wonderfully the grace and charm of the originals. The book is one to read, and then to keep at hand for continual reference.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. A. E. H. Swaen has edited the best plays of Vanbrugh for the "Mermaid" series (imported by Scribner), giving us texts of "The Relapse," "The Provok'd Wife," "The Confederacy," and "A Journey to London." The apparatus of the volume includes a bibliography, a genealogical table, a biographical notice, and Leigh Hunt's essay, copiously annotated. There is also a fine etched frontispiece from Kneller's portrait. The editor's opinion of Vanbrugh is that, "though less witty than Congreve, he surpasses him in humor," and that "as a man he decidedly takes the foremost place" among the Restoration dramatists, "for, besides being a clever writer, he was an eminent architect, possessed noble qualities, and led an active life."

The classical instructors of Harvard University have just issued another (the sixth) of those volumes of "Studies" which that austere censor, Mr. Andrew Lang, has recently used to point a rebuke to the levity of his countrymen. Professor John Williams White republishes his convincing argument that the Opisthodomus was a detached building, and not a part of the Parthenon temple. Professor J. H. Wright discusses a Votive tablet to Artemis in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Mr. William N. Bates endeavors to fix the date of that Lycophron the Obscure whom "every schoolboy knows" to have been Macaulay's pocket companion. Mr. Maurice Mather writes in Latin on verbs compounded with *jacio*, and Mr. George Edwin Howes presents a useful and interesting compilation and discussion of all the Homeric quotations in Plato and Aristotle.

David Baptie's small volume, "Sketches of the Glee Composers" (imported by Scribner) gives brief biographies of the principal glee composers between the years 1735 and 1866. In every case are given the number of each writer's glees, an ample list of his best pieces, and a statement of the kinds of voices for which each is written,—thus forming a useful handbook and guide for directors of glee clubs and choral societies.

We have frequently had occasion to praise "The University Series" of handbooks for the use of Extension students. A thoroughly admirable book on "Shakspere and His Predecessors" (Scribner), by Mr. Frederick S. Boas, is the latest issue in this series, and our only complaint is that it attempts to do too much for a single volume. Of the 555 pages, all but 88 are devoted to Shakespeare himself, and the introductory chapters on the mediæval drama, Marlowe, Kyd, Lyly, Peele, and Greene, are necessarily out of perspective. Mr. Boas has evidently worked through the whole mass of modern Shakespearian criticism, and his selection of material shows discriminating judgment and rare scholarship. A better guide to the study of the dramatist has never been written.

Professor R. G. Moulton's big book on "The Literary Study of the Bible" (Heath) is made somewhat forbidding by its pedantic analytical schemes and classification, yet will repay examination. Mr. Moulton has a fine sense of the literary qualities of the scriptural writings, and the special object of his work is to awaken this sense in its readers. He accepts the results of the "higher criticism," although they do not enter very considerably into a work the chief purpose of which is literary rather than historical analysis. He uses the text of the Revised Version, and treats the Apocrypha as an essential part of the Bible.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Life on the Mississippi" is added by Messrs. Harper & Brothers to their attractive library edition of "Mark Twain."

Lady Tennyson died on the tenth of this month. Her maiden name was Emily Selwood, and she was married to the poet in 1850.

Dr. Weir Mitchell's new novel, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," will appear as a serial in the "Century" magazine, beginning with November.

We have received the first number, dated July, of "Ex Libris," a neat quarterly published under the auspices of the Washington Ex Libris Society.

The Rev. T. A. Goodwin's "Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago," a study of the Song of Songs, is reprinted by the Open Court Publishing Co. in their "Religion of Science" library.

Dr. George C. Keidel, of the Johns Hopkins University, has published "A Manual of Æsopic Fable Literature" in the series of "Romance and Other Studies" upon which he is at work.

"The Phantom Ship," "Snarley-yow," and "Olla Podrida" are volumes just added to the library edition of Marryatt now issuing from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. The latter volume includes "The Pirate" and "The Three Cutters."

England has been going in for literary memorials of late. Within the space of a few days last month there were unveiled a Massinger window in a Southwark church, a bust of Dr. Arnold in Westminster Abbey, a statue of Cardinal Newman at Brompton Oratory, and a monument to Heminge and Condell in the churchyard of St. Mary the Virgin, Aldermanbury.

Mr. Henry S. Salt, socialist, vegetarian, anti-vivisectionist, and philosophical radical, has always been one of the stoutest champions of Shelley's memory against the many attacks that have been directed against it on personal and critical grounds. He made the poet the subject of two monographs some years ago, and now adds a third to the list. "Percy Bysshe Shelley, Poet and Pioneer" (Scribner) is the title of the new volume, which is not content with the apologetic attitude assumed by most of Shelley's admirers, but is boldly aggressive, defending both the poet's character and principles in the most positive way. The thing is perhaps a little overdone, but on the whole we think Mr. Salt more nearly right than wrong, and commend his work as a brilliant and well-nigh convincing piece of special pleading.

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